

nose a deep wound, gaping fully an inch,
 blood caked
 thick and black all over her face and
 matting her hair,
 her upper lip cut through, and two teeth
 knocked out—
 a regular hospital case. Her brother, they
 said, had
 quarrelled with her and had thrown stones
 at her only
 the day before, but they had already filled
 up the
 wounds with some horrible paste. I asked
 Sardah Khan
 why the Khan did not have the man
 thrashed for such
 a brutality, and he replied that no one would
 touch him,
 as he had killed three men last winter.

I spent two hours upon the poor
 creature, and the
 relief was so great that her gratitude was
 profuse, and
 the blessings invoked manifold. It was a
 great pleasure
 to me. But many things were taken out of
 the tent
 while I sat outside attending to her. The
 Khan's brothers,
tufangcs with their long guns, Seyyids with
 their green
 turbans and contemptuous scowl, women,
 and children
 • were all pressing upon me, hindering and
 suffocating me
 in a temperature of nearly 100°. They seem to
 have no
 feeling for pain or shrinking from painful
 spectacles, and
 rather to enjoy the groans of the sufferer.
 Each time a
 piece of stone was taken out of the wounds
 they exclaimed
 "God is great!" Occasionally, when the crush
 interfered
 with what I was doing, a man beat them
 with his gun,
 or Aziz Khan threw stones at them, but it
 was useless.

The people tell our men that *Kafirs* have
 never before
 entered their valley, and that if we were not
 under the

Shah's protection they would take all that
we have. I
imagine that the difficulties are far greater
than I know,
for the Agha, who minimises all danger,
remarked last
night that this is a most anxious time, and
that he should
be most thankful to get every one out of the
country, for
it was impossible to say what a day might
bring forth.
All idea of my returning to Julfa is now
abandoned.
Bad as it is it is safer to go on.